

New York Tribune.

MONDAY, JUNE 29, 1914.

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, a New York corporation, under the charter of the City of New York, Secretary and Treasurer, Address Tribune Building, No. 154 Nassau st., New York.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York.

Daily and Sunday, 1 year, \$10.00	Daily and Sunday, 6 months, \$6.00
Daily and Sunday, 3 months, \$3.50	Daily and Sunday, 1 month, \$1.00
Daily only, 1 year, \$7.00	Daily only, 6 months, \$4.50
Daily only, 3 months, \$2.50	Daily only, 1 month, \$0.75

FOREIGN RATES—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York.

Daily and Sunday, 1 year, \$15.00	Daily and Sunday, 6 months, \$9.00
Daily and Sunday, 3 months, \$5.00	Daily and Sunday, 1 month, \$1.50
Daily only, 1 year, \$10.00	Daily only, 6 months, \$6.00
Daily only, 3 months, \$3.50	Daily only, 1 month, \$1.00

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Matter.

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Mayor Mitchell's First Six Months in Office.

The real progress which this city has made in good government is measured by the fact that so excellent an administration as Mayor Mitchell has been during his first six months in office is taken for granted.

It is only a short time ago that such appointments as he has made, such indifference to politics as he has shown and such standards of public service as he has maintained would have caused a sensation. The papers would have been full of the administration's doings. And the administration would have been quite conscious of the sensation it was creating by mere honest attention to the city's business. But the Mitchell administration has gone about its work as if front pages did not exist. The adjuration to achieve first and talk afterward has been pretty faithfully kept. So therefore special interest attaches to the review of his first six months in office, which Mayor Mitchell has written for The Tribune and which is published elsewhere in this paper to-day.

We think that every one who reads the Mayor's words will feel that he has kept his purposes well in mind since he took office. The verdict on his work so far will be "Well done." And not having been overpraised at the outset, the Mayor is not likely to suffer from the reaction which Mayor Gaynor experienced before the end of his term.

In other ways the Mayor is fortunate. He is fortunate in possessing a thorough acquaintance with the city's business when he entered office. There is a professional quality about the present administration which other non-partisan administrations have lacked, and this has been characteristic not only of the Mayor's office but of the other branches of the city government. The important Board of Estimate and Apportionment is largely made up of men who are trained municipal administrators. And the Mayor has been able to surround himself with department heads of a new type, men who have either learned the city's business in office or through attention to it in civic organizations, making its affairs their constant study. This administration thus started out with more men having special knowledge of the duties before them than any other in the city's history. We have talked a good deal in the past of a "business" administration of New York. A much better ideal is a municipal business administration—one in the hands of men who are not merely good private business men but good city business men, who understand thoroughly in advance the special business which is before them in office. Mayor Mitchell has brought sensibly nearer that ideal.

Every non-partisan Mayor of New York has advanced the standards of government here. It seems certain that Mayor Mitchell will contribute toward the forward movement. A public which takes such an administration as his for granted is not likely soon again to put up with one of the Van Wyck sort.

Racetrack Betting Again.

The question behind the arrest of eleven alleged bookmakers at the Aqueduct racetrack is bigger than whether they violated the anti-gambling laws. It is whether the owners of the track knew there was professional gambling there and permitted it. One of the police lieutenants responsible for the arrests is quoted as saying that they have proof of the law's violations and proof that the track owners knew of the gambling and were the real offenders when the police were after.

When the Hughes anti-racetrack gambling laws were passed prominent racetrack men declared there could be no horse racing without gambling. What they meant was that there could be no profit in horse racing without gambling, and the prompt closing of the tracks when the laws were enforced gave point to their belief. When the tracks were reopened, after court decisions on the gambling laws which the racetrack people thought favored them, all track owners insisted that they would not favor or permit lawbreaking or allow professional gamblers to be at their tracks. Of course, "bets between friends" are within the law.

It would be an unfortunate thing for horse racing if any track owner had shut his eyes to professional bookmaking. Horse racing has not held enough on the affections of the public to survive a renewal of the gambling scandals which once forced a suspension of the sport.

Passing of a Great Middleman.

Besides suffering from the current "psychology," the H. B. Claffin Company was the victim of the movement "to eliminate the middleman," of which so much has been heard in recent years. It struck the company in full force during a time of business depression, when all the company's efforts to strengthen itself against changed conditions only made it weaker. In this one trade at least the tendency of manufacturer and retailer to deal without intermediaries had made such progress that the best known and one of the oldest and richest jobbing houses in the country has just gone into the hands of a receiver.

When a great enterprise like H. B. Claffin & Co. goes to the wall it means that a tremendous change in business conditions has taken place. The way of the drygoods middleman, in New York at least, has become hard, for, as "The Drygoods Economist" has pointed out, one after another of the historic jobbers has failed or quit. Claffin & Co., the most powerful and capable of the hardest fight, being the last to go. And the men who made up this company did make a hard fight. When they faced the tendency of stores to buy directly from the mills they bought stores to provide themselves with customers, planning to sell to the masses all over the country. They went into manufacturing. They sought at great expense to establish brands that they controlled, thus striv-

ing to change their position from that of middlemen to that of virtual producers or patentees. It was a big plan, boldly if somewhat desperately conceived. It ran into the existing business "psychology" and failed. The tendency of the times was too much even for a jobber with the enormous credit at his command that Claffin & Co. possessed. What does the incident signify as to the future of the middleman?

"Jim Ham" Trains Down to a Dactyl and a Sponddee.

Tammany Hall's master of ceremonies is behind the times. On the programme for the Wigwag Fourth of July celebration the giver of the "big talk" is misnamed James Hamilton Lewis. Fourteenth Street should have known that "Jim Ham" that was is hereafter to be Hamilton only.

You can't let an idea loose in "Jim Ham's" neighborhood without his absorbing all there is in it. The story was circulated a short time ago that President Wilson had dropped his baptismal appellation, Thomas, because he believed that a man would have little chance to reach the Presidency who was weighted down with a name consisting of three successive spondées. Two two-syllabled names were much more desirable, he is alleged to have pointed out, or a two-syllabled name preceded by a three-syllabled one. Stephen Grover Cleveland—cut to Grover Cleveland—was cited as the first kind of winning combination, and Theodore Roosevelt as the second kind.

That grain of wisdom fell on good ground so far as "Jim Ham" was concerned. He at once informed the Secretary of the Senate that he had sacrificed the James and would qualify for the Roosevelt class by preserving only the Hamilton and the Lewis. Why not recognize the alertness with which the Illinois statesman got into line? If there is anything in the Wilsonian theory of riding into the Presidency on a dactyl and a spondée "Jim Ham" is not going to be left over-weighted at the starting post.

Tammany doesn't know much about dactyls and spondées, but his heart ought to warm toward a Democrat who is willing to take any old kind of chance in the pursuit of office.

That Tragedy at Sarajevo.

Yesterday's double assassination in Sarajevo writes another tragic page in the history of the unfortunate Hapsburg dynasty. Fate has struck savage blows at the house of the aged Emperor Francis Joseph. His brother Maximilian tried to establish himself as Emperor of Mexico, and was captured and executed at Queretaro by the followers of Juarez. His son and heir, Rudolph, was killed or committed suicide under mysterious circumstances at the hunting lodge of Mayerling. His wife, the beautiful Empress Elizabeth, fell at the hand of an assassin, and now the successor to the throne, whom he had named and trained to the tasks of administration, has been slain by a fanatic, brooding over the grievances of the Balkan races against Austria-Hungary.

New cares and burdens are thus thrust upon the enfeebled Francis Joseph, who in spite of his eighty-four years still directs the fortunes of the dual monarchy. He must find a new successor among his nephews or grandnephews equal to governing two states, each sorely divided by antagonisms of race and language. No country in Europe is to-day in such a condition of unstable equilibrium as Austria-Hungary is, and the sudden ending of Archduke Francis Ferdinand's career will make conditions more chaotic than ever.

It used to be said that only Francis Joseph's personal popularity and prestige held the discordant elements in the empire together and that his death would be the signal for a general snapping of existing ties. Later both Austrians and Hungarians became reconciled to Francis Ferdinand's succession. But a powerful personality, backed up by popular opinion, is needed to check the separatist tendencies growing stronger yearly in both Austrian and Hungarian politics. Even now Austria is being governed without parliamentary aid under the provisions of the indispensable Article XIV, which allows the government to put a budget of its own into effect whenever the Parliament fails to make the necessary annual appropriations.

Political stability in Austria-Hungary is essential to the permanence of the Triple Alliance and to the preservation of the status quo in South-eastern Europe. Were the dual monarchy to fall apart the map of Europe would have to be made over. The assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand is therefore an event of greatest political importance. It will bring to the front again the disturbing question of the future of Austria-Hungary and the readjustment of the European balance of power. Nothing more unfortunate could have happened to Austria-Hungary, now filled with discontent, torn by racial animosities and weakened externally by the enmities aroused in all the Balkan states by the grasping policy which the government in Vienna has recently pursued toward the monarchy's southern neighbors.

An Extraordinary Mission.

Congress ought to investigate the activities of George Fred Williams, United States Minister to Greece and Montenegro, who has just resigned after irritating himself into the situation in Albania. Mr. Williams has given to the European press a report of certain investigations which he made in Albania, on orders, as he says, from the government in Washington. Had Mr. Williams been on a mission from some magazine to collect material for a breezy description of the nondescript experiment in government now being made at Durazzo his glaring indiscretions of statement might be pardoned. He could plead his illustrious chief's example for laying aside the responsibilities of office in order to make a little vacation money on the side.

But so far as Mr. Williams's jocose and flippant criticism of the new order in Albania may be construed to have an official character and commit the United States to a glaring breach of manners, they ought to be repudiated by this government. The United States has no possible excuse for meddling officially in the Albanian middle. It has no political or commercial interests in the new kingdom, and there is no reason whatever for its giving to the world through its envoy to Greece its opinion on the mismanagement which has left the Mpret, formerly Prince William of Wied, in the position of a king "with no powers, no territory and no subjects except his wife and children."

Who authorized Mr. Williams to set himself up as a censor of affairs in Albania, and why? Hadn't the State Department trouble enough on its hands without undertaking to help solve the Balkan problem? The country would like to see the correspondence which started the irrepressible George Fred on his extraordinary Albanian mission.

The Conning Tower

CATULLUS: XIV.

"Nix te plus orula mea amorem."

O Calvus, if you were not to me dearer
Than are the lamps that grace my noble dome,
I'd excrete you, wretch, in accents clearer
Than the epithets that Thaw huris at Jerome.
For tell me, Calvus,—from my soul I ask it—
What dreadful deed of mine, or sentence rash
Brought down upon me that *bon voyage* basket
Equipped with such a fearsome mess of trash?
Heav'n curse that wretch, your aider and abettor,
—As Cyril says, whomever he may be—
Who chose the stuff, no doubt a bankrupt dealer
Who thought you had as low-brow tastes as he.
Ye gods! With this unspeakable collection
Of literary junk you'd win my praise?
Think you, forsooth, that here there is reflection
To while away the long vacation days?
But wait, mad wag! Revenge is mine! I'll hie me
Tomorrow to a bookshop known to fame,
And for your special delectation buy me
A list of stuff that puts your own to shame.
The hours in store for you I'll hint but darkly,
The choicest lit'ry names I'll merely cite:
Like E. H. Abbott, Glyn and Mrs. Barclay—
Not to speak of Myrtle Reed and H. B. Wright.
Your little gift, meanwhile, with rage I stut—
I now consign to everlasting doom,
And consecrate it to oblivion utter:
The bookshelves of the village reading-room!

R. E. B.

In our admiration for the Colonel we are without shame. In our worship of him, we give place to nobody. There are eight or nineteen jobs we should rather have than Dr. Lambert's, however. Think of telling T. R. that he isn't so well as he is! One imagines him in his first lesson in plane geometry. "A straight line," the instructor said, "is the shortest distance between two points." "It is unqualifiedly impossible," young T. R. must have said. "The whole," said the instructor, "is equal to the sum of its parts." "A malicious falsehood!" could have been the only Rooseveltian comment.

College spirit is a grand thing, but burning down fences in a crowded residence section of town is something unrelated to it. Once in nineteen years is infrequent, but boys will be rowdies.

Celebrations should be held, as we have been urging for years, for other than athletic achievements. Why, when Booth Tarkington's "Penrod," say, gets better critical notices than Owen Johnson's "The Salamander," shouldn't a crowd of Princeton alumni set fire to the Yale Club?

HE'S THE EQUAL THAN ANY WHOM IS.

[From the Tribune.]

Coached by Jim Rice, then whom to Columbia no coach is peer.

The interest in pugilism has fallen off perceptibly in four years. On July 5, 1910, it was easier to walk upstairs than to have the elevator-boy outride his silent scorn on you. Saturday night and yesterday things were normal.

An elevator-boy we met Saturday night was even over-moderate. "Heard who won the fight?" we asked. "Johnson," he said, "though I do say so myself."

IN WHICH IT APPEARS THAT JUNE 21 IS THE LONGEST DAY FROM TIP TO TIP.

[From the Raleigh News and Observer.]

Five Minutes More of Sunshine Today Than On Any Other Day—Days Will Shorten From Now On.

Today, June 21, is the longest day in the year. The sun will shine longer today than on any other day in the entire year, or at least it will if it is clear today. Since December 22, of last year, which was the shortest day in the year, the day have been growing longer and longer, until today the sun reaches its farthest point north, and begins its journey southward again. In reality, the calculation is exactly the reverse, as it is the earth that moves, and the sun that stands still.

The sun will rise this morning at 4:37 o'clock, and will set at 7:34 o'clock. The whole day that the sun will shine to-day, if it is visible all of its possible time, will be exactly fourteen hours and thirty-seven minutes.

From this time on, the sun will continue to shine a shorter time during each day, and the days will grow shorter and shorter until December 22, the shortest day in the year. After that time the days will begin to lengthen again, and will go through the same process again.

Bare-knee exhibitions are growing so common that this eluded the proofroom a couple of days ago: "May Leslie, who created the character of the Show Girl in 'The Ziegfeld Follies,' refuted the organization last night."

FAIR WARNING.

Sir: July and August—look out for travelers. Speaking of travel, don't you think the custom of sending gifts to Europe-zoers is ridiculous? While I think of it, the Kroonland and I sail for disappointment next Saturday morning at ten o'clock. P. O. North River, foot of 21st street. My steamer will be 169.

G. S. K.

Dulcinea's cousin Zena appears in Stephen Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches": "She would look up at the stars and say how infinitely far away they seemed, and Pupkin would realize that a girl with a mind like that couldn't have any use for a fool such as he."

And in "It Never Can Happen Again" Judith tells Sybil that it's a shame to go to bed on such a heavenly night, but she supposes one must.

Our Own Travelogues.

Here lawyers lunch from twelve to three. Then knock off work in time for tea; Next day they will begin again. If all goes well, by half-past ten.

New Orleans. Sir: Boothby's over here is famous for sea food. They serve a platter of Scalloped Oysters (*Ostrea virginica*), Deviled Clams (*Venus mercenaria*), Broiled Halibut (*Hippoglossus hippoglossus*) and lettuce (*Lactuca sativa*) and tomato (*Lycopersicon lycopersicum*) salad—yep, all on one platter simultaneously—which I enjoyed all the more for lunch to-day from knowing technically what I was eating.

S. D. H.

President Wilson explained the business situation the other day. "I cannot get rest," he told the Virginia Editorial Association, "if you send me to bed wondering what is going to happen in the morning, but if you send me to bed knowing what the course of business is to be tomorrow morning I can rest." It's like that in the columning game. If we were to leave the office without having a lastline, we'd toss about all night long.

But when we know what this morning's lastline is to be, why, tush—

We can rest.

F. P. A.



The bookshelves of the village reading-room!

College spirit is a grand thing, but burning down fences in a crowded residence section of town is something unrelated to it. Once in nineteen years is infrequent, but boys will be rowdies.

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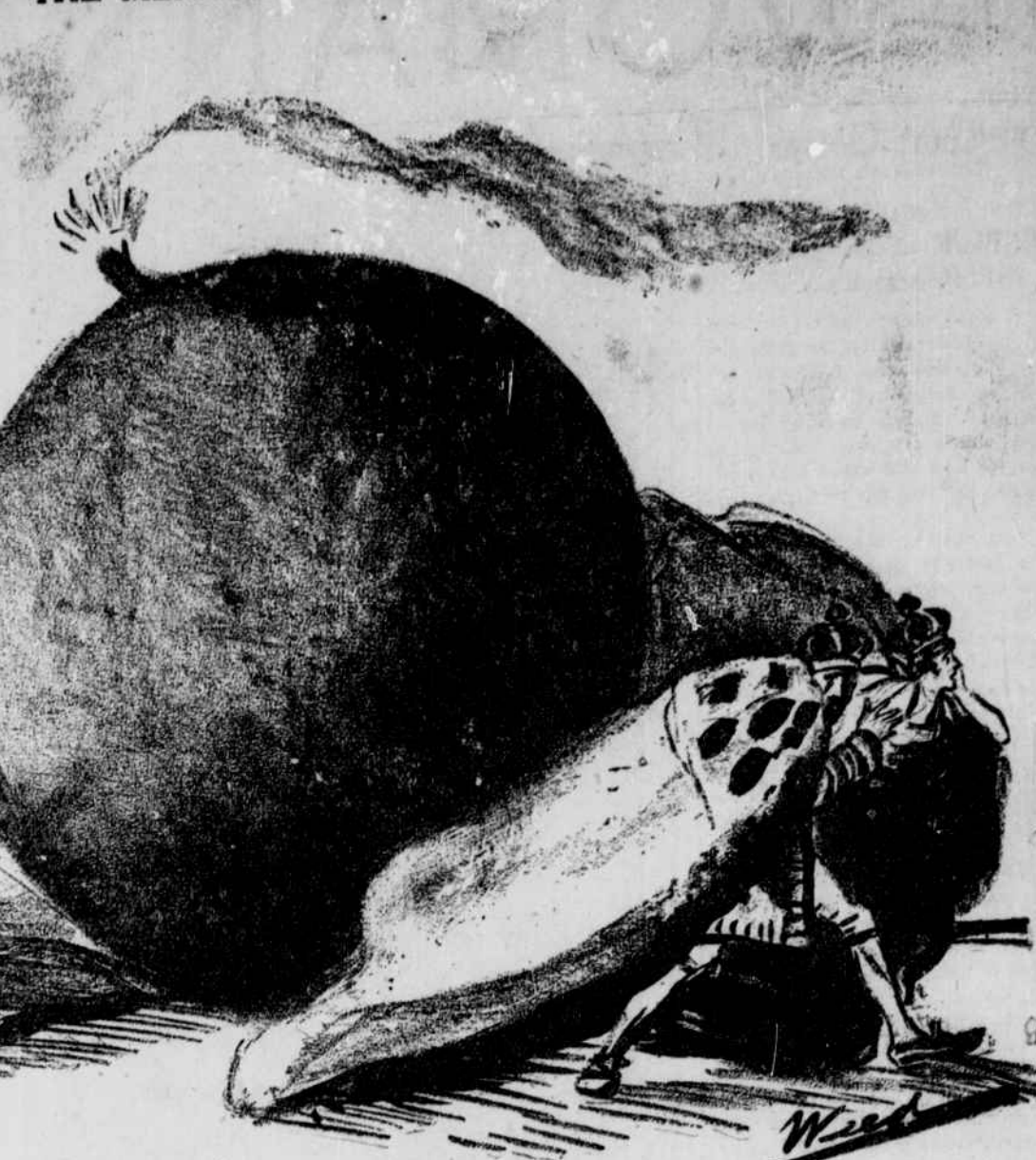
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THE MENACE TO CROWNED HEADS.



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THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

MERELY PSYCHOLOGICAL.

Business Men as Judges of Industrial Idleness and Human Distress.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I should think that a business man is as competent a judge to distinguish between good business and bad business as a Congressman or a United States Senator, yes, even a respected and honored head of this nation himself.

Not as a calamity howler or a pessimist, but as a business man who in his humble way made a thorough study of business conditions in America and knows what he is talking about as an American citizen, proud of his prerogative, the privilege and honor to call himself a free American. I in all fair ask President Wilson whether he believes and whether he wants intelligent men and women of this free democracy to believe that the "industrial idleness and human distress" throughout the length and breadth of the land are merely psychological. My statement is based upon facts, and not upon hearsay and conjecture.

It will not be denied by any intelligent observer that a general depression in business exists and that millions of men and women who are anxious to work cannot find employment.

Mr. President, jamming and ramming your policies down the throats of the members of both the lower and upper houses of the national legislature and keeping those who represent the taxpayers, sweating in Washington to pass your pet measures during the summer months, will not, I assure you, bring about a revival in the country.

There is a vast army of several million men idle in this rich country of ours at the present moment. Idle men breed discontent. Why, then, in the name of humanity and in the name of our much boasted "American square deal," continue theorizing and philosophizing, and not right now get down to the task of solving the problem?

You have been elected President because the American electorate believed you would rebuild and not destroy business.

You assumed a great responsibility as the Chief Executive of the nation. You promised to safeguard the interests of all the people, so that at the expiration of your term not to have repented for not having done your full duty.

Nobody questions your sincerity, integrity and honesty of purpose, Mr. President, but your well wishers would most respectfully advise you to discontinue your inactivity in matters affecting the well and woe of the people.

BELA TOKAJI.
New York, June 22, 1914.

A Fusion or Roosevelt.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I've just returned from an extensive trip through the western part of the state. I found that most Republicans expect T. R. for Governor on a fusion ticket. By fusion I mean Republicans, Progressives and anti-Murphy Democrats. All the Republican leaders not in sympathy with the Barnes rule-or-ruin policy favor this programme. They realize that Roosevelt owes a duty to the State of New York, and he must make a sacrifice of his personal plans to redeem the state.

ANOUT TOWIN.
109 West 45th st., New York, June 24, 1914.

A Quotation and Its Context.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: The interpretations by Miss Alice Stone Blackwell of anti-suffragist statements, dated June 19, are remarkable, especially where she quotes but part of a sentence and leaves out the qualifying clause. For instance, she says:

"Anti-suffragists disapprove of limiting women's hours of labor. Their national organ, in its issue of December, 1913, describes California's eight-hour law for women as 'a law urged by suffragists,' and publishes an article which says: 'No more stupid law was ever enacted. Women are perfectly competent to fix their own working hours. A healthy woman can work as many hours as a healthy man, etc.'"

She inserts a punctuation mark of her own in the quotation and omits the remainder of the sentence, thus indicating it to be an isolated statement. The complete statement is as follows:

"A healthy woman can work with impunity as many hours as a healthy man in work suitable for women to perform."